

## We Want You to Know

That we are giving first-class service. Why not light your Store, Show-windows and Houses with **ELECTRIC LIGHT**, which is the ideal light, being the cleanest light, the safest light, the most convenient light, the the most desirable light, the light nearest like the sun light.

### Sun Light, Electric Light, Moon Light

You can have the best at practically the same cost—try Electric Light.

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S. L. ALLEN, - - - Manager.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a tea spoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### Fine Engraving.

The News has an engraver who does the finest of work in the very latest style on short notice. A box of engraved visiting cards would make a nice Christmas present. Leave your order with us.

#### County Court Days.

Below is a list of County Courts held each month in counties tributary to Paris:

Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.	Bath, Owensville, 2d Monday.
Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.	Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.
Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.	Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.
Estill, Irvine, 3d Monday.	Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.
Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.	Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.
Garrard, Lancaster, 4th Monday.	Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.
Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.	Henry, Newcastles, 1st Monday.
Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.	Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
Lincoln, Stanford, 2d Monday.	Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.
Mason, Maysville, 2d Monday.	Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.
Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.	Nicholas, Carlisle, 2nd Monday.
Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.	Owen, Owen, 4th Monday.
Plendertown, Falmouth, 1st Monday.	Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.
Polaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.	Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.
Shelby, Shelbyville, 2nd Monday.	Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.
Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.	

### Special Low Rates

— VIA —  
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Correspondingly low rates to intermediate points West and Northwest. Further information cheerfully.

## The Harridan-Ormsley Elopement

By Mary Wood

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Katrina Harridan was the sixth of seven daughters, red haired and undersized, but that did not prevent her from being a power in her world. At the young ladies' seminary she was the acknowledged leader as well as the most intimate friend of her twelve classmates, each of whom had the promise of being bridesmaid at her wedding. In this they were prescient, since Thorndyke Ormsley had for some time made her the object of his attentions.

Thorndyke Ormsley did not altogether meet with the approval of the class. They thought him lacking in the dash and daring requisite for a suitable match for their president.

Katrina, however, viewed the matter from a different standpoint. As she confided to her youngest sister Pamela: "There is something restful in Thorndyke's conventionalism. I always know just what to expect from him, and I fancy that I can furnish more of the element of the unexpected than is found in most orthodox families."

She therefore smiled upon her admirer. It followed that she had been graduated but a few months when he made up his mind that to marry her was the only proper course of action. He was too well regulated a young man to propose to Katrina without having first spoken to her father. This was a procedure that the astute morsel of girlhood had foreseen and arranged for.

As he afterward complained to Katrina: "I cannot understand it. Your father was brusque, nervous, quite unlike himself. All that I could get him to say was that you were too young and that he entirely disapproved. When I tried to argue, Pamela came in, and he intimated that the interview was closed."

Katrina buried her face in his shoulder. "Oh, dear, oh, dear," she wailed. "What shall we do?"

Thorndyke attempted to comfort her, and he found the process so agreeable that he prolonged it for some moments before saying soothingly: "Do not be discouraged, dear. I will call on him again. He must be made to see reason."

As a happy thought struck him: "Why don't you speak to him yourself? You girls have always seemed to get your way pretty thoroughly. He will say 'yes' to you."

"He won't," Katrina's voice, though smothered, was decisive.

"Because I won't let him." Without giving her lover time to recover from the shock she hurried on: "Papa has lost a great deal of money these last years. He has really a hard time to get along, so that another wedding is out of the question. You don't know what a wedding costs. We have had five. So we do. There would be the presents and dresses for those twelve bridesmaids, the flowers, music, caterer, trousseau—oh, it is awful!" and she clasped her hands despairingly. "Papa is always so good. He wanted to mortgage the house, but I said 'no.'"

Light had begun to dawn upon Ormsley. "Let me, Katrina," he began. "Two red spots appeared in Katrina's cheeks. 'And have us all ashamed to look you in the face? Never! Pamela and I have decided never to marry unless we elope.'"

Thorndyke Ormsley stiffened. "That is impossible," he declared. "I always knew that you were proper, but I never thought you were so horribly proper that you cared more for what people would say than you did for me," she sobbed.

Her lover could not resist her tears. "You know that I love you better than anything else in the world," he said tenderly. "It is not entirely on my own account that I object. There is Aunt Harriet. She would be utterly scandalized by an elopement. Is it right to distress her when she has done everything for me and I am all she has?"

At this virtual capitulation Katrina's tears ceased to flow. "Then if I get Aunt Harriet's consent you will be willing to elope?" she asked guilelessly. "I would do anything to marry you," he answered, with unusual recklessness.

Katrina threw her arms around his neck. "Then it is as good as settled." "You don't know Aunt Harriet," Ormsley admonished.

"Yes, I do. And what is more, I wager that if you do exactly as I tell you she herself will suggest an elopement."

So the two put their heads together. Most men would have wished themselves in Ormsley's place. He must have been sensible of his privileges, for he left the house more in love than ever and vowed to play his part in the comedy. Katrina refused to admit the possibility of a tragedy.

Miss Harriet Ormsley lived in a big old fashioned house called the Larches. She had the only victoria in town, her butler always stood behind her chair at dinner, and her parlor maid wore French caps. In all respects her establishment was most correct. But its rhythmic order and the mind of its mistress were alike disturbed by the strange behavior of young Mr. Ormsley. For three or four days he had eaten scarcely anything, although his aunt ordered his favorite dishes, and Jenkins served them to a needy. In-

could be heard long after the rest of the family had retired.

Miss Harriet loved her nephew, as she had his father before him. When he had successfully refused to take a tonic, see a physician or consider a sea trip alarm overcame her usual stiffness, and she implored an explanation. Thorndyke gave it reluctantly. He loved Katrina Harridan. Katrina loved him. Her father objected. That was the end of it.

Miss Harriet listened in amazement. An Ormsley, her nephew, refused by a Harridan, a mere upstart in society! It was ridiculous, preposterous!

Thorndyke refused further discussion of the subject. His aunt lay awake most of the night, and as the clock chimed the hours of the early morning so did her indignation grow.

It was almost at boiling point the next day when Katrina was announced. Before her hostess could speak the girl threw herself in her arms.

"Oh, dear Miss Harriet," she cried, "of course Thorndyke has told you. I suppose I ought not to be here, when I am forbidden to have anything to do with him, but it can't be wrong to come when he is away."

Miss Harriet found herself patting Katrina's head.

"Do not cry, my dear," she said with difficulty, due to a remarkable stiffness in her throat. "It is a deplorable situation, but your father cannot be an entire—He must be made to see reason. I will call and explain."

This conclusion was far from reassuring to Katrina. Yet the young diplomat managed to murmur with a fair assumption of gratitude: "That is so good of you, dear Miss Harriet. If Thorndyke and I are ever happy, it will all be due to you."

On her way home Miss Harriet found it imperative to call at her father's office—or, rather, to call on the office boy. Tommy Jenks was her staunch admirer, for she had a way of treating him as if he were already a member of the firm.

"Tommy, if Miss Harriet calls to see father during the next few days just tell her that he is engaged. She would not worry him. Do you think that you could keep her out—for me?" She smiled engagingly.

The office boy was flattered by this proof of confidence. "Sure I can, Miss Katrina," he declared stoutly. "Just you trust to Tommy Jenks."

Miss Ormsley called at the office several times. At each visit Tommy blandly assured her that Mr. Harridan was out.

"It is impossible," she declared indignantly. But the office boy played his role to perfection.

Katrina's next visit to the Larches found its mistress in a state of mind quite at variance with her usual elegant calm. "Your father, in coalition with his impudent office boy, has refused to see me. He shows regard neither for my age and position nor for the happiness of my nephew."

Katrina listened meekly, for she saw that no suggestions were needed. The Ormsley blood was up. Yet even she was surprised by the suddenness with which Miss Harriet seized her by the shoulders and half swung her round as she cried, "If you had any spirit in you, you would marry without his consent!"

"Elope!" Katrina's tone was horror struck. "Yes, elope!"

"But what would people say?" the girl objected. "An Ormsley is above the vulgar criticism of the general public," Miss Harriet answered majestically. And indeed you can scarcely call it an elopement when I will see you married and give a reception at the Larches in the evening."

So finally Katrina and Thorndyke allowed themselves to be won over to Miss Ormsley's way of thinking. That fiery old lady, insisted on making all of the arrangements and was filled with exultation whenever she thought of Mr. Harridan and his discomfiture. She was the only witness at the ceremony, for when she suggested a few guests Katrina demurred.

"If I cannot have my own family I do not want any one but you," she declared. "I would have liked to have had those twelve bridesmaids," she added, with a self sacrificing sigh. "They will all be there in the evening," Miss Harriet comforted.

So they were, but it was an eleventh hour guest that had the place of honor. It was on the way home from church that Katrina begged Miss Harriet to break the news to her father and to implore him to forgive her on her wedding night. Softened by the sight of the youthful happiness, Miss Harriet could not refuse.

In this embassy she was successful. Mr. Harridan capitulated a bold front, but he speedily capitulated before her eloquence. Miss Harriet almost forgave her former obduracy since it made her victory the more signal. Thus it happened that Mr. Harridan kissed the bride and drank to the health of the groom with equal fervency.

When Mr. and Mrs. Thorndyke Ormsley were driving to the station, the first step on their wedding journey, the groom gave voice to a presentiment which all evening had clouded his happiness.

"I noticed that young Croxton was very attentive to Pamela tonight. Does that mean another elopement?" Katrina gave a happy laugh as she held up a slip of paper.

"Did you not see this, stupid boy? It is Aunt Harriet's present to me, a check for \$5,000. She said she wanted me to be sure of my welcome in the family. Dear Aunt Harriet! It was a shame to fool her. Yet I think she enjoyed it, and it was absolutely necessary. Part of this check shall go for

#### If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-nousness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like a new person.  
Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets.  
For sale by W. T. Brooks.

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Hurried eating has ruined many a man's stomach. The digestion-destriving process is gradual, often unnoticed at first. But it is only a short time until the liver balks, the digestive organs give way, and almost countless ills assail the man who endeavors to economize time at the expense of his health.

A torpid liver causes a quarantine of the entire system. It locks in the diseased germs and body poisons and affords them full play, inviting some serious illness. In families where August Flower is used, a sluggish liver and constipation are unknown, so are all stomach ailments, as well as indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, headaches and kidney and bladder affections. No well-regulated family should be without this standard remedy.  
Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky

#### MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pains. No remedy equals Dr. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.  
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### NEW SALOON!

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### T. F. BRANNON.

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

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For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.  
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

### LYONS' SALOON,

Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.

#### Shadow Etiquette.

"I saluted the Kafir chief respectfully and heartily," said the sailor. "Can you imagine my surprise when he gave me a kick?"

"Get off my shoulder," he says.

"What?"

"Get off my shoulder."

"I was standing, by criss, on his shoulder, the shadow of his stomach. I skipped from there to the face. He growled. When I got on to smelt ground again he says to me:

"Didn't you never have no bringin' up? Look at you now, lengthenin' out your shadow longer'n mine. Crouch, crouch, crouch, or I'll warm your hide with this here club."

The sailor gave a loud laugh and emptied his glass of milk.

"Then Kaffirs," he said, "regards their shadders as part of themselves. A polite Kafir would no more walk on another's shadder than a polite American would hit a lady. They have a regular shadder etiquette. You mustn't on no account let your shadder be longer than a superior's. You must crouch to make it smaller, and that there crouch for the purpose of diminishin' the shadder is thought by the Spencerian philosophers—I don't say I think so, mind—to be the origin of the bow."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### A "Ringers' Jug."

A beer jug in a belfry is happily somewhat of a rarity in these days. At the beginning of the last century, however, people were not so particular. The ringers' jug at Beccles, in Suffolk, holds six gallons, a sufficiency to sustain the ten weary ringers, though the weight of the bells did exceed six tons. The vessel is made of red earthenware and has three handles, one of which is concealed by the neck. It bears the following inscription in quaint spelling:

"When I am fill'd with liquor strong Each Man drink once and then ding dong. Drink not too much to Cloud your Knobs Least you forget to make the Bobbs."

A gift of John Pattman Beccles. On the reverse side is the maker's name, "Samuel Stringfellow, Potter."—London Strand.

Chas. Cassidy. Aaron Cassidy.  
Main St., Over Bowling Alley,  
Paris, Ky.

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Cleaning and Pressing of Men's and Ladies' Clothing.

Special Attention Given to Ladies' Work.

French Drp Cleaning.

Hats Blocked While You Wait.

#### REDUCED RATES

— VIA —

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On the First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month to Many Points SOUTH.

Winter Tourist Tickets now on Sale good returning till May 31st. For further particulars write